

TEN NATIONS SALUTE.

The President's Flag Borne
by the White Dolphin
Through the Fleet.

ALL THE WORLD OUT TO SEE.

A City Afloat and Uncounted Mul-
titudes Watching the Spec-
tacle from the Shores.

AT NIGHT A SPLENDID SHOW.

Search Lights Rive the Mists and
Colored Fires Outline All the
Anchored War Ships.

The Day Began with a Deluge, but the
Weather Bureau Relented and Dried Up
in the Afternoon—The Most Impressive Show
These Waters Ever Saw, If It Did In-
volve Waiting and Getting Wet—Various
Adventures of Sightseers by Land and
Sea—Gov. Flower's State Boat Held Up
by the Naval Patrol Half a Dozen Times
and Finally Anchored to the Bottom—The
Congress of the United States has a Beau-
tiful Time—Camera Shoppers Disappointed—
The British Ships Make the Finest
Show in the Illumination at Night.

The Columbian Naval Review was a grand
success. Our greatest peaceful naval event,
joined in by all the leading naval powers, is
now a part of history bigger than that of our
country. It marks an epoch in the chronicles
of the globe itself. Jupiter himself, as if jeal-
ous of Neptune, attempted to spoil the pa-
geant, and did mar the morning that had been
set for it by a chilling, pelting rain. But we
Yankees, who master all things, conquered
the rain god by postponing the nautical jubilee
for three hours and then held it triumphant-
ly—without sunshine, it is true, but also
without rain.

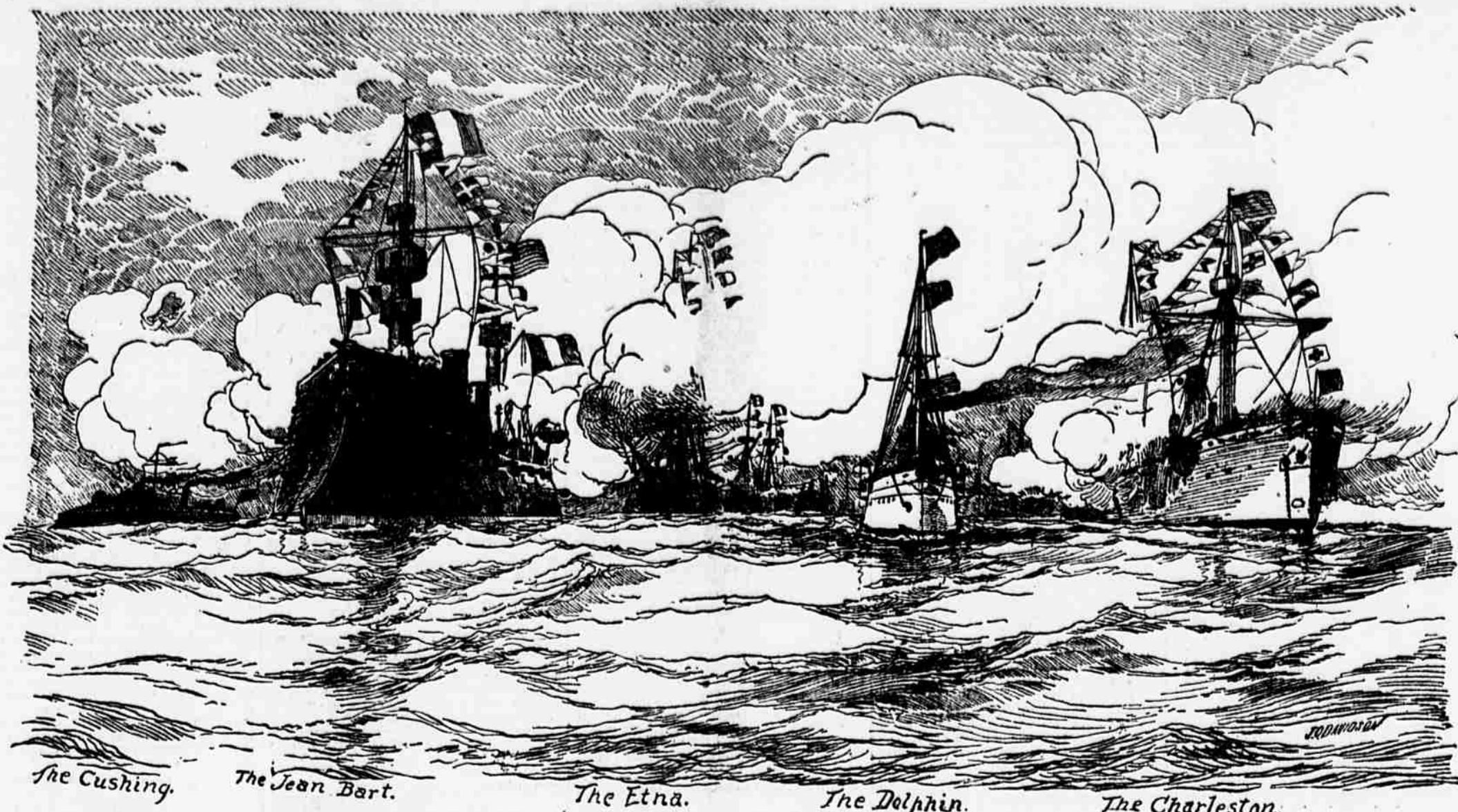
A leaden sky, dripping and half-deserted
streets, a beating rainstorm, and a very low
barometer for human pleasure were the
morning's characteristics when New York
turned out of bed to make ready for the cel-
ebration upon the North River. It was as if
had a day as it would have been almost
as bad as President Cleveland's inauguration
day, and the President's heartiest admirers
could not forbear thinking that until "Cleve-
land's luck" is taken in out of the wet the
best that is said about it is the better. An Eng-
lish marine officer, who was at the down-
town Post Office getting the mail for the
British cruisers yesterday morning, put
the case aptly, from a European point
of view, when he said: "I'm surprised
at you Americans 'aving this beastly
sort of weather on such a day as this. You're
such a doused eleven people, don't you know,
that I fancied you had invented stop-cocks
to turn on any sort of weather you wanted
for every particular occasion, but 'pon me word,
don't you know, we could make as bad a mess
as this at home in England. Really, we could,
don't you know?"

At 10 o'clock word was sent to Rear Admiral
Gherardi, and by him was remodeled and
wig-wagged all up and down among the rep-
resentative war ships of the world, that the
President had determined to postpone the
review until 1 o'clock. The flags that were
sent aloft to repeat this message
rose in a gray wet veil such as shrouds the
highest mountains. The arms of the semi-
phores dripped in the rain as they echoed the
message. The wig-waggers who snapped
their little square flags on the cruisers' decks
were all as wet as if they had missed the shore
boats and had swum out to the ships. The
clouds were literally resting on the earth, and
through their misty substance the great bat-
talion of war ships took on uncertain and
shadowy forms. The sopping sailors, with
their shirts clinging close to their chilled bod-
ies, went about their work like automatons
but with their minds dwelling on tenderly re-
membered sunny lands, where no such weather
ever comes.

The officers, standing around the stoves in
their wardrooms and cabins, shivered when-
ever they looked toward the dripping por-
t-holes and read anew, for verification, the signal
service prediction of a cessation of rain in the
afternoon, which all had noted in their morn-
ing's news.

When at last the President embarked aboard
the Union's yacht Dolphin and she moved
out toward the foot of the great gray alley
between the war ships, the rain had
ceased, the wharves, the water-side park,
and the opposing hills of New Jersey
were blackened with holiday folk, the
gray atmosphere served as a curtain-like
background for the ships and for the treasured
mountains of white steam that rose from the
mass of pleasure boats packed over against
the Jersey side, and which carried, some say,
a quarter of a million of sightseers. The day
was saved. There was nothing to be done but
to make it glorious. Glorious it continued
and glorious it ended.

As the graceful snow-white Dolphin moved
with dignified, leisurely pace along the gun-
warded, steel-walled lane, ship after ship
shot out red tongues of flame and belched
clouds of white smoke across her path, flame
meeting flame, and the smoke of the opposing
broadside blinding its rounding clouds into
a dense rounded mass. This soft-rolling cloud
of smoke chased after the beautiful yacht, and
she seemed forever emerging from it as the
water sprites appeared from out the eternal
mists of ancient cascades. The familiar figure



THE DOLPHIN BEARING THE PRESIDENT THROUGH THE FLEET.

of the President was in full relief as he stood,
almost alone, far aft on the poop of the yacht,
and those who did not know him guessed
who he was, because he alone lifted his
silk hat as he came abreast of each fire-belch-
ing vessel. Never, except in war, if even then,
was there heard such a stentorian expression
of a human emotion. And never before in any
land did any crowned monarch receive such
homage of so many nations as was thus be-
stowed upon this plump black-coated American,
who, as the representative of the republic, re-
ceived the salute that is prescribed for royalty.

In sight of the picturesque caravels, and
between the floating fortresses of the Ameri-
can and English Admirals, the Dolphin
dropped her white anchor, and the cheering
of hundreds of thousands of men upon the
land and water struggled weakly against
the sullen tooting of a myriad of steam
whistles. When their smoke cleared away

floating fortresses a small cedar gig moved by
twelve white oars and with a royal rug falling
luxuriously over its stern rail rode swiftly to
the Manhattan shore to land the President.

When night fell the war ships held the mul-
titude upon the shores and on the steamboats
by a superb spectacle with signal lights, flash
lights, search lamps, and fireworks. The
proud English cruiser Blake led all the rest
with a brilliant night dress of electric jewels,
which flung her outlines in lines of fire against
the sombre background of the cloudy night.

At the end of all the Blake showed to what
lengths the English Vice-Admiral was willing
to carry his friendly feeling by flashing upon
the deck which he commands a fiery figure of
Washington, the man who led these colonies in
war upon his kingdom. For hours the sullen sky
was criss-crossed with paths of brilliant flame,
and the horizon served as a background for
colored signal lights and glorious pyrotechnics.

water at the time of the passage of
that eminent Democrat whom one British
officer referred to as "Your Ameri-
can monarch, though you won't call him so." The
reporter went aboard the Blake at 7:30
o'clock in the morning, and at that hour found
as little to report as if he had been on Noah's
ark on the sixth day of the celebrated deluge.
There was nobody in the streets near River-
side Park, but at a dripping wet boat house
called Murphy's, at the foot of West Ninety-
fifth street, a very wet boy was induced to
float out from under a shed and to drip off the
side of a wharf into a small and sodden boat
that presently trickled out upon the river like
a globe of oil, carrying THE SUN along with
him.

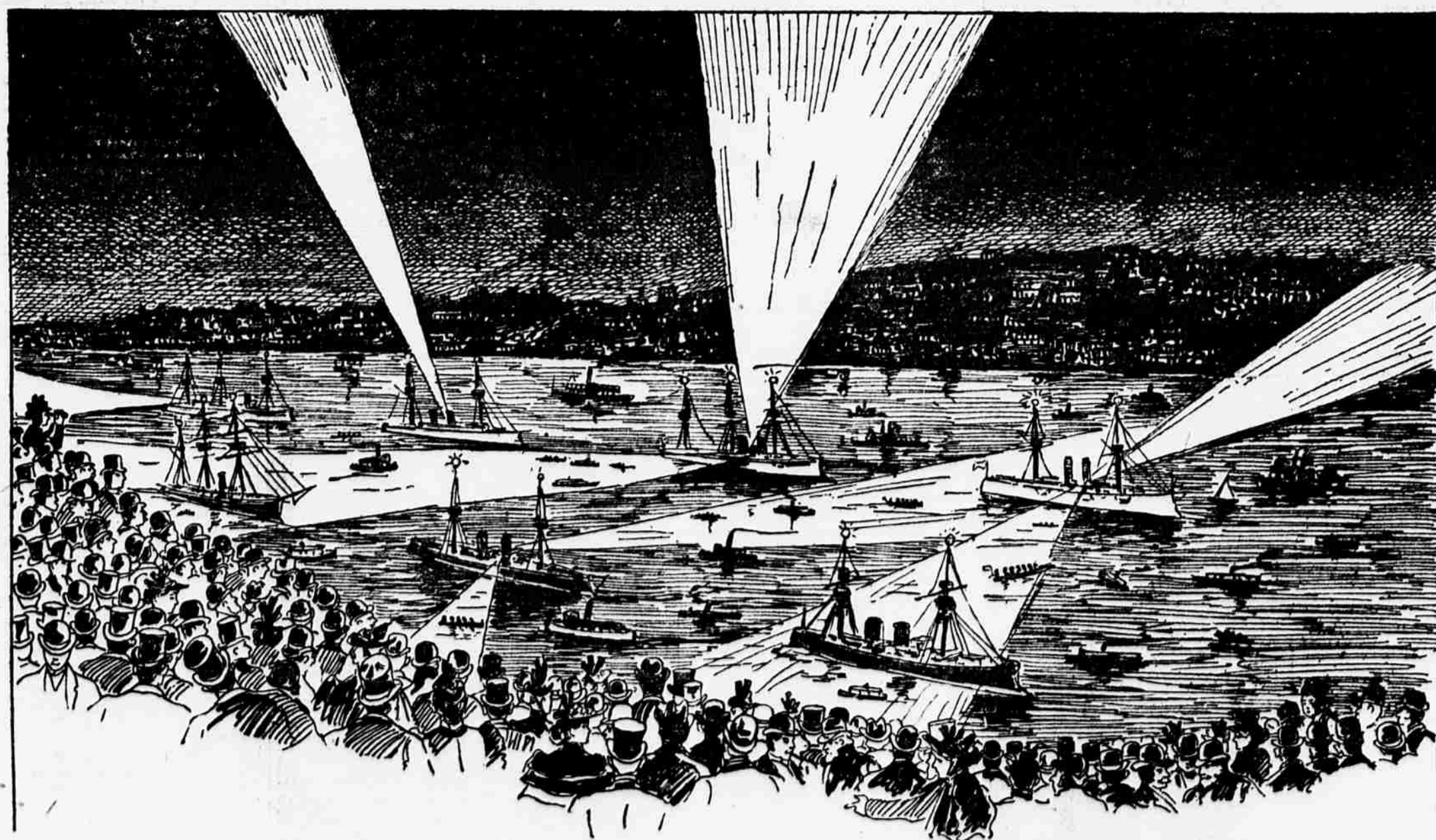
On board the Blake the rain spattered down
upon all parts of the deck except beneath the
bridges and from them it splashed down in
continual driblets. The sailors splattered
about like ducks, the officers shrunk under
the projections, and the solitary British army
Captain, whose "Barkshire" regiment is now
at Bermuda, went about on the heels of his
boots as if he had soaked his soles and in-

The North River, up which, as he said, "the
American Admiral bowed all the ships at ten
knots an hour," also delighted him, especially
as he knew that the whole fleet could have
kept on 120 miles further without getting
aground. He had enjoyed the reception at the
Union League Club also, and had found it
very well managed and attended by such a
crowd as to make it seem very important.
Indeed, everything pleased him except the
weather. Whatever he may be at home, he is
here the most easily satisfied man in all the
ships. He has put his heart and soul in
this review and is enthusiastic for every-
thing appertaining to it. At the rate of about
once in every half-hour his aides bring him
invitations, now to a ball ashore, now to a
dinner on a foreign ship, now to one thing
and next to something else. He hears about
such things, and invariably replies, "Ah, I
shall have to go that, surely." His temper
toward it all is best evidenced by what he
said about the great ball at Madison
Square Garden: "I never dance, but then I
suppose it will be more of a promenade
than a dance. I am going to be there, what-

eral Columbian celebration, and to glorify
with flame and thunder the pluck of the
doughty mariner who stumbled on our con-
tinent 400 years ago. Through the same fog
and rain could also be seen the cheerless black
shores of Riverside Park and the Palisades,
both fringed with bare-limbed, winterlike
trees. The rain was still pouring straight
down in its most businesslike way, and the
shores were as bare of sightseers as the water
was of everything except the shadowy war
ships.

At 8 o'clock the colors were run up on all
the war ships, and as all the flashing the
bands played patriotic airs. The bands of
Rear Admiral Gherardi's Philadelphia and of
the Blake played the national air of every
country represented in the review fleet.
Aboard the Blake, as the colors went up, the
bandmaster took off his cap, and every man
saluted with his right hand to his cap and
stood in the position of "attention" as a
poor tribute to their flag.

Boats crossed from war ship to war ship,
and rumors ran from officers to crews. It was
gossiped, for instance, that Rear Admiral



THE SEARCH-LIGHT EXHIBITION AT NIGHT.

the steel-sided passage between the war ships
was seen to be dotted with the tiny zig-
zags and cutters of nine Admirals and thirty-five
war Captains hastening to greet the President
and his party. The beautiful mistress of the
White House was by the President's side try-
ing the manifold charms of mind and
person for which Columbia's daughters are
world famous.

The flagship Philadelphia, the floating office
of Commander-in-Chief Gherardi, slipped sil-
ently from her moorings and stemmed the
swift tide to a point opposite the tomb of the
nation's hero, Grant, and there fired a salute to
the memory of him who helped preserve the
States in that mighty union whose greatest na-
val celebration was then about to close. A few
minutes after the Philadelphia slipped back
into her place at the head of the battalion of

It lacked but an hour of midnight when the
black night conquered and closed in upon the
scene, turning the glory of the day into treas-
ured memory.

STORY OF THE REVIEW.

The Blake Was a Fine Platform to See It
From, and the Night Was Fine to See.

The best place from which to view the
glorious naval review of yesterday would have
been either the Blake or the Philadelphia, but
the Commander-in-Chief would permit none
but men in naval uniform upon the white
cruisers, and the choice of vantage points was
thus narrowed to the Blake. To that 6,000-
ton platform Vice Admiral Sir John Hopkins
was good enough to again invite THE SUN, but
his staff officers saw to it that the historian
who writes this stood behind a nine-inch gun,
and allowed not even the tip of his sacri-
legious derby to be seen from the

tended to equalize the dampness by
saturating the rest of his leather. There
was such an excess of bad climate
that nothing else was spoken of, and
the conversation might have become monotonous
had it not been that the morning's pa-
pers brought predictions of weather so
better, called "cloudy and partly cloudy."
Down in the Admiral's cabin that genial ruler
of "the Queen's Navy" on the north Atlantic
station was toasting his back before one of the
American stoves that he has introduced on her
Majesty's ships, and was philosophically re-
solving to make the best of the disagreeable
weather we have had since he first saw our
shores—chilly always and wet the rest of the
time.

Vice Admiral Sir John Hopkins was grate-
ful for yesterday's contribution of sunshine,
which enabled him to see our majestic harbor.

The New York Central affords the fastest and most
complete train service of any railroad in
America.

over it is, because I'm only too delighted to do
anything that will please the people." His
mail since he reached here is said to have been
extraordinary in character as well as bulk.
Requests for his autograph, plans to be al-
lowed aboard his ships, the freedom of the great
clubs and the mercantile exchanges, invita-
tions to shipyards, to dinners, to dances, to
theatres—to everything worth going to or
seeing.

Out of the big, round ports that serve as
windows to his cabin there was an ashen-gray
view upon a water-logged atmosphere.
Through it could be faintly seen the dripping
ghosts of the ships that were to stimulate our
patriotism, to show us the best types of the
world's cruisers, to give New York the most
sensational and theatrical share in the gen-

Gherardi had said the President would not re-
view the ships. Then it was said that if he
did come no order to dress the ships would be
given, and the yards and rails would not be
manned. War ships are veritable fountains of
gossip and of growing, but as a rule the dis-
cipline is so strict and peculiar that gossip is
the best resource of the men, for only the Cap-
tain and his executive officer know the facts
about anything till after it is over. The for-
eigners were a very dejected body of men, for
generally they have their choice of homes and
cruise in sunny waters. The Americans quite
used to diabolical weather at this time of year,
were more nearly resigned, but kept looking
at the clouds and hopefully remarking that
they appeared to be thinning.

The vanguard of the host of excursion boats
and private steamers was the Angier, which
came along crowded with sightseers. They
saw the general lay of the scene—the Mass-

achusetts frigate Enterprise ahead of every-
thing, the whimsical sea Santa Maria and its
two companions, the caravels, and then the
huge white Philadelphia and the ponderous
black Britisher Blake. As if to prevent any
more unofficial trespassing upon this watery
reservation, a well-managed line of tugboats
advanced on the alleyway between the war
ships, sweeping the road from side to side.
They all bore the red-crossed white flag, the
naval standard of the fleet, and they thus ap-
peared to the lay observer like a lilliputian navy from
some unknown land.

At 10 o'clock there was no question that the
clouds were thinning and the daylight was in-
creasing. Bugle blasts sounded on all the
war ships, and ropes and checkered lines of
signal flags rose swiftly to every masthead.
Thus in less than a minute every one of the
thirty-five ships was dressed in holiday attire
with one of the two sets of those pennants by
which naval commanders converse at sea.
Some were rainbowed with a color line that
ran from bow to stern over the masts and the
length of the ships, and others only ran their
strings of flags from the port rails up over the
masts and down again to the starboard rails.
Fortunately the rain had stopped and the col-
ors waved lightly all along the double line.
Then came word that the review had been
postponed and the President would not board
the Dolphin until 1 o'clock.

This message, signalled by Rear Admiral
Gherardi, suited every officer in the combined
squadron; but, unfortunately for the people
who then began to crowd the shores and to
blacken the steamboats, there was no way to
make the news more public. Clots of men
of the river the shores were countrymen, of grass
and rocks, and both rise steeply from the
water. The people multiplied upon every knoll
and prominence until the multitudes included
tens upon tens of thousands. It had been
planned that the excursion boats should lie on
the Jersey side of the double column of naval
vessels, and there was space enough there for
a prodigious number of them, yet not a foot
more than enough for those which crowded
it. They kept coming and coming, in pairs
and half dozens, until they lay, a dozen or
twenty in a row, line upon line, as far as their
own tangle of sticks and flags and framework
permitted the eye to roam over them. Never
is a big word, and it will not do to say that
there never before were so many vessels
massed together in our harbor, yet so it
seemed.

There were tugs, barges, steamboats, steam-
ships, lighters, steam yachts, sidwheeled low-
boats, ferryboats, transfer steamers, launches—
in short, every sort of boats this harbor
knows, except grain elevators. The apparent
recklessness with which they were managed
amazed our foreign guests. They ran past
each other's bows, they rubbed against one
another, they pushed along bow against stern,
and all in the name of the review. They were
governed by the filling up of the waterway, they
seemed to be in inextricable confusion. After
that consummation they and the ships and the
motionless masses of people ashore were all
idle, idle for three solid, damp and dreary
hours.

At twenty minutes past 1 o'clock, the long-
gun of the Miantonomoh were heard
baying like the magnified barking of a hound
that has roused a deer in a forest. The dull
short calls of the great war hound were the
signal to the whole pack of sea dogs. Up every
rigging that led to anything but the useless
spars of the ships they stood, elbow to el-
bow, adding a new network of human forms
above the solid steel bulwarks of the stately
ships. And ten minutes later another hollow
bark of the monitor's great gun tremorized
and stiffened every man in a rigid, statue-like
pose, as the wand of a mischievous immortal
once paralyzed the companions of the sleep-
ing beauty of fairy-tale renown.

Those of the crews who were not in this
fixed fringe or perched upon the spars were
the marines, and they were all massed upon
the poops of the vessels, a cluster of blue-
jackets on the white cruisers, of redcoats on
the Britishers, and of many sorts of semi-
soldierlike, semi-sailorish uniforms upon the
various foreign ships in the long starboard
column. All these men, above and below,
faced the south, whence the Dolphin and the
President were to come. It was to be their
business to face the President until he passed
them, and then to turn and look after his de-
parting yacht.

When at last the Dolphin appeared at the far
end of the 900-foot lane between the ships, the
first impression of the public was one of dis-
appointment. There was not a tenth of the
noise that had been expected, as one vessel at
a time and sometimes two saluted with their
guns. The noise was slight, the spectacle was
participated in by so few at a time, the pace
of the Dolphin was so slow, and she looked so
like a miniature and naked imitation of the
great war ships that confronted her, that a
mighty disappointment weighed upon the
multitude.

But in a very few moments the popular sen-
timent changed. The spectacle became more
interesting, and still more and more interest-
ing as the scene of the review was unfolded
and the slowly cumulating strangeness and
beauty of the scene grew before the eyes of
the people. Never did Dog's barge on the
edge of the Adriatic move at more stately
pace than did the white Federal yacht, and
when it was seen that, as she moved, a single
ship and a nation after nation took its turn
in doing honor to our chieftain, the flood
of sentiment that was waiting to be
roused welled up in every breast. It was
quickly apparent that at this slow pace,
in this regal manner, the Dolphin must pass
up the whole double line of three miles length.
It was as if the review was to be a solemn
homage, that every Admiral and Captain was
to stand, touch his cap as to the monarch that
so many serve, and that every throat in all the
crews was to follow the barking of the guns
with rounds of hearty cheering. The realiza-
tion that this was the programme, and the
louder and louder thrumming of the guns as the
Dolphin came nearer had their well-desired
effect. The spectacle grew more thrilling as
every successive ship let slip its lightning and
its thunder.

After a while the realization was seen to
surpass the promise, for the snow-white
yacht of steel, with its two blue flags and
its Stars and Stripes, was seen to be
closely followed by a billowy mass of steam
smoke, as white as snow might have flown
across a summer cloud. What happened on
the Blake took place on all the ships. Every
officer had run to his stateroom or his cabin
and taken out and donned the most showy of
his uniforms, the one he wears only upon the
most formal and notable occasions. So kind
are these used that the officers often
have them lengthened and broadened again
and again as they grow in girth and stature.
Splendid they looked, not only on the English
but on all the ships, with their great golden
epaulettes, their gold belts, and their showiest
swords clattering at their heels. To all this
Vice Admiral Hopkins added the glory of his
crosses—that of St. George hung by a purple
ribbon round his neck, that of the Order of the
Bath, in all its radiant immensity, before his
heart, the medal of Sebastopol that he won with
his Lieutenant and a medal of shot in the
Crimea and the Turkish medal that came to him
still later. In such guise the officers of the war
ships stood upon the poop decks raising their
gold-bound beaver hats as the Dolphin came

Admiral.—Ad.

Ripans Tabules cure indigestion. Ripans Tabules
cure indigestion.

Callaghan & Co. Mill
Will dispel spring laziness.—Ad.